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A

POEM

On and To Her

Gracious Majesty

Upon the Day of Her Happy

CORONATION.

By one of Her

Majesties Servants.

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A POEM

On and To Her

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Upon the Day of Her Happy

CORONATION.

IN humble Verse we Hearts and Pens imploy,
To shew the Realm its King's and Kingdom's Joy.
A QUEEN Belov'd by all; so Good and Great,
In every thing so Charmingly Compleat.
That 'twould to *England* be no shame to own,
She gives to day more Lustre to Her Crown,
Than It gives Her; because Her Worth alone
Has Title to an Everlasting one.
This makes Her Princely Pious Soul as well,
As Her Majestick Person here Excell;

And

And checks Preſumptuous Pens, that dare pretend
To praiſe, what God can only Right commend.
Wherefore, if thou (my *Muſe*) dar'ſt not be ſeen
In ſetting forth the Glories of thy QUEEN;
Ask but Her Virtues, They will not deny
What Merits do attend her Majeſty:
Since Perſon, Wit and Beauty, can from none
Receive ſuch Praiſe, as from themſelves alone:
Remit thoſe Wonders, to His Royal Breaſt
Who reaps their Fruits, and knows to prize them beſt.
Thy Trembling Pen muſt dare but to ſet forth,
Such common known Attractives of Her Worth,
As may in Loyal Hearts this day create,
Legal Ambition them to imitate.
That Vertue *Faith*, on which ſhe built the reſt,
Her Loyal both to God and King expreſt.
In Baniſhment, 'twas Her Belief in God
That made Her Kiſs the Perſecuting Rod:
Yet in defence of Her Religious Faith,
Sh' appeas'd the King's and wav'd the Peoples wrath.
And being with Her Gods Decrees content,
She Calm'd a Miſ-informed *Parliament*,
On ſatisfaction now at Meeting bent.
Her Hope ſhines in Her Works, and they make known
Her Care and Zeal for an Immortal Crown;
Which She from boundleſs Bounty more expects
For doing well, than having no Defects;

For

For ſhonld we ſay; to Bliſs Sh'as no pretence;
But on the known account of Innocence:
Where is to God the Nation's Gratitude
For thoſe Perfections to its *Queen* allow'd?
Where is our leave thoſe Merits to admire,
Which ſcarce can raiſe in us Her value higher?
Shall we drown all the Glories of Her Name,
Her Birth and Courage, Wiſdom, Zeal and Fame
In that dull praiſe; *She never was too Blame?*
'Tis far more Juſt to ſay; *There is no Good*
With which She has not Grac'd the Royal Blood:
For when in Health, Her Majeſty is well,
She does, in what our Hearts can wiſh, Excel.
Nor can we juſtly bid her mend, unleſs
We beg She'll for our ſakes her Self Careſs,
And *England*, by her Preſervation, Bleſs.
Yet may She mend that ſubtile Pious Pride
Which does with too much Skill her Virtues hide:
And keeps thoſe Excellencies out of ſight,
Which robs the riſing Nation of its Right:
For 'tis our due to know, and hear, and ſee
Th' Examples that ſtill moſt Attractive be.
And where be Works more worth our practice ſeen,
Than in the Saint-like Carriage of our *Queen*;
Which muſt not be to Vulgar Eyes deny'd,
In complaiſence to that Religious Pride,
Which will have God alone be Glorifi'd:

Cauſe

'Cauſe Holy Hiſtory us oft acquaints
God will be Prais'd and Honour'd in his Saints;
Then own Great Saint that bounty of thy Lord
Which gives Thee Grace ſuch Graces to afford;
As breed in all thy Sex a ſacred Strife,
To regulate their Works by thy Good Life.
Let briskly *Noted Evidence* confute
Them who 'gainſt thy Humility diſpute,
VVho have ſeen height by Thee ſo ſweetly check't,
VVith wiſe ſubmiſſion and diſcreet neglect,
That thou Great *Queen* without deſign or fault,
Didſt 'bove Ambition thy Bleſt ſelf exalt;
And ſo remain'd by wond'ring Eyes admir'd,
'Till all the Hearts with Love about thee fir'd,
And wiſh'd the Heat of their Reſpectful Flames,
Might warm Thee in the Breaſt of thy Great *James*;
VVhere thy Good Life will have as ſtrong Defence,
As on our Souls a Holy Influence.
Be then leſs ſecret in Thy Sacred Life,
Since th' Realm begin's to reliſh ſuch Bleſt Strife
As renders us Contentious, but to be
In ſome ſort Good, Great Patroneſs like Thee.
VVho will Thy Bounty to the People plead,
Have as much VVitneſs as have been in need.
To God and his, ſo Liberal is Thy Love,
Thou think'ſt thy wealth beſt ſpent when lodg'd above

Patience and Pity in Thy Breaſt contend
To put to ev'ry Grievance ſuch an end,
As does the leaſt of Merit ſtill Be-friend.
Then venture to expoſe thoſe Virtues, which
Do, in Thy Life, this Happy Land Enrich.
View, view Their Pow'r and how Divine's their Skill,
VVhat Good they bid, we dare not but fulfill:
If Thy Devout and Awful Charms appear,
They make us all the kinds of Evil fear:
'Tis ſtrange Thou ſhould'ſt th' Seditious Charm with Peace,
Making their Comforts grow, their Griefs Decreaſe,
And yet 'mongſt greateſt Virtues breed conteſt,
VVhich of them all Thy Life has practic'd beſt.
Nor can there ought correct this Pious pother,
But to let one great Act out-do another:
Till Immenſe Bounty undertakes the task
To give that great Reward Thy Virtues ask:
VVhich being nothing leſs, than Him who gave
That worth by which Thou do'ſt the world out-brave,
Let Heaven help Us Mortals to requite,
Thy Goodneſs, then poſſeſs Thy ſole Delight,
That *Jeſus* and his *Mary* may Unite.

FINIS.